



Chapter 3

A Caucus-Race and a Long Tale

THEY were indeed a queer-looking party that assembled on the bank—the birds with dragged feathers, the animals with their fur clinging close to them, and all dripping wet, cross, and uncomfortable.

The first question of course was, how to get

A CAUCUS-RACE AND A
dry again: they had a consultation
after a few minutes it seemed
Alice to find herself talking fast
as if she had known them all
she had quite a long
argument with the
Lory, who at last
turned sulky, and
would only say "I'm
older than you, and
must know better."
And this Alice would
not allow, without
knowing how old it
was, and, as the Lory positive
age, there was no more to be said.

At last the Mouse, who seemed
of some authority among the
down, all of you, and listen to
you dry enough!" They all sat
a large ring, with the Mouse in
kept her eyes anxiously fixed
sure she would catch a bad
get dry very soon.

"Ahem!" said the Mouse with
"Are you all ready? This is
know. Silence all round, if